

# Dempsey to Fight Ban in Court

Story on Page Twenty-eight

WEATHER

Fair  
and  
Warmer

Tuesday

NEW YORK

August 10, 1926

## EVENING GRAPHIC

Nothing  
but the  
Truth

### The City Editors' Delight



HERE is Mr. Simpson addressing an army of reporters, who are guaranteed to get a new angle for every edition on the Hall-Mills mystery. The versatile special prosecutor is indicated by an arrow.

### Scoop No. 1 of the C. T. A.

AND now Mr. Simpson, New Jersey's special prosecutor, who is going to solve the Hall-Mills mystery, announces that he is working on a "complete reconstruction of the crime." Ten witnesses will be examined instead of seventy. The Mystery Woman in Orange is forgotten, and so is the mysterious letter writer who sent in a solution from a mail box in the Grand Central station. Mr. Simpson will stay in Jersey City and look for the lost papers, and the witnesses hereafter will be examined by detectives.

This is not so good for the reporters. Mr. Simpson always had something for them, day or night. There was a "new angle" for every edition. Nobody in New Jersey can get the colorful stories out of witnesses that Mr. Simpson can. What will happen to the "case" now? This is serious.

The reporters who have been working on the mystery for the last four years have formed what is known as the Crabapple Tree Association. The membership is strictly confined to those scribes who have had to cudgel their brains for "new angles" every day. Yesterday Mr. Simpson was elected a charter member. This organization may spread all over the country. The boys have formed New Brunswick Scoop No. 1. and Scoop No. 2 is being organized in Jersey City.

It's about time the newspaper profession had some sort of social organization. A grand get-together is planned for Labor Day, when the first annual crabapple roast will be held. Mr. Simpson will speak.

Yesterday the anonymous letter writer wrote that the murder was committed by none other than *Fun Loving Tom of the Rover Boys*. This wasn't checked up. Mr. Simpson was looking for the lost papers.

### Summer Home for Governors

THE state should buy a summer home for its governor.

Out in the woods where the air is clear and cool.

Where there are lakes and streams and trails to high hills.

Where contact with mother earth can fill tired bodies with the refreshing vigor of nature.

Suggestion has been made that the 52,000-acre Rockefeller estate in the Adirondacks would fill the bill.

Descriptions of it indicate that it would. Its location is ideal.

The need for such a summer capitol is real.

Whatever the cost might be, within reason, it would be money well spent.

### For Boys' Health

IMMEDIATELY following the plea of The GRAPHIC for proper bathing places for boys of our city, Health Commissioner Harris said he would ask an appropriation for that purpose.

The GRAPHIC congratulates the commissioner for his quick acceptance of a constructive health idea.

The city authorities should give him the necessary money without delay.

There are numerous plots of city-owned land that could be devoted to the construction of concrete "swimmin' holes."

### The Radiance of Dreamy Romance

The lure of romance has an appeal—almost to the end of life.

To youthful swains its mysteries enthrall the senses.

All sorts of extravagant anticipations stir the imagination.

It is then the age of dreamy romance! Then life is so delightfully delicious!

That is the time we seem to be treading on air. Your steps are light and easy. You are lifted to the most supreme heights of human exaltation.

At this period of life you often rest in the exquisite radiance of dreamy romance.

Love enthralls you! At times it intoxicates the senses!

You are thrilled beyond measure with its blissful joyousness! The fires of romance have lighted your soul!

And as you rest at ease and enjoy the delightful sensations that burn so exquisitely, you are often carried away to the realms of fantasy.

The routine of every-day life is forgotten. Your physical needs, eating, drinking, sleeping and working are all left far behind.

And you dream exquisitely, beautifully, sublimely. Yes, it is impractical. It doesn't belong to the work-a-day world. But it is delightful and at times well worth while.

You know life is largely what we make it. We can fill our days with humdrum, monotonous labor that will often make us but little better than the plodding plow horse.

Or we can dream, DREAM! DREAM!! soar away into the lands of imagination. And whether or not these dreams come true is not always so important. But it is important that we catch the dreaming fervor.

The soft radiance of dreamy romance should enthrall us at frequent intervals. It helps to make life beautifully satisfying.

And if your romance can come true in all its delightful joyousness, you are indeed a lucky individual—for a time at least.

But remember, realization is not always equal to anticipation.

Some dreams come true. And in their final evolution they twist your soul with unbelievable torture.

Hard, cruel, even brutal, the ultimate end often seems to be.

So don't be too anxious for realization. Anticipation is often far more satisfying.

But don't drive away dreamy romance. Live in its fairy palaces at frequent intervals. It is a delightful relaxation. And it should never be devitalizing. It should be stimulating. It should help to make you a better, stronger man; or a more capable and more beautiful woman.

It is entirely normal—this dreamy state of delightful anticipation—hold on to it as long as you can.

*Bernard Macfadden*

### WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

All letters to the Editor must bear names and addresses or will not be published.

#### GOT HER FIRST WHIPPING

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

I am a 17-year-old stenographer and until last night have never been spanked. I could hardly work this morning, it hurt me so to sit down. And the whole thing is your fault. Mother got the idea from the letters you are printing. I was told to come home at 11 p. m., but got there after 1 a. m., and just as I was popping into bed I was introduced to a cat-o'-nine-tails.

LESLIE MARSH.

#### WITH BUCKLE AND TONGUE

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

I visited a girl friend, went to a dance, got home at 5 a. m., and sneaked to my room. Mother walked in with a heavy buckle strap in her hand. She laid it on—the buckle end—until I was covered with welts. No other girl was ever whipped as hard as this. I have never stayed out since.

BETTY CLIFFORD.

Far Rockaway, L. I.

(Other Letters on Page 20.)